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A LITTLE GIRL'S JOURNEY.

The Story of Her Trip from Chicago to Concord to Spend Christmas with Her Grandfather.

[Correspondence of the Boston Journal.]

CONCORD, N. H., Thursday, December 27, 1877.—One of the pleasantest incidents associated with the recent Christmas anniversary that has come under our observation was a journey that a little Chicago girl, only 10 years old, took alone from that city to Concord, this State, a distance of over 1,100 miles. It was such a remarkable journey for one so young to venture upon, that we are sure the many young readers of the *Journal*, and probably every one of the older ones, will want to read about it. The little girl's grandfather lives in this city, and she wanted to spend Christmas with him very much. She thought it would be so nice to make such a visit that one morning, at breakfast, she said to her father that she wanted to go to New Hampshire to spend Christmas, and that if she would be so good as to buy her a ticket and take her to the cars, she would not be afraid to go all the way alone. Her father could hardly believe her to be in earnest in making such a request, and told her the journey would be more than 1,000 miles, and that she would be two or three days and nights on the cars before reaching Concord. The matter was talked over in the family, but the little girl persisted so strongly in her desire to make the trip, that at last her parents consented, and all the necessary preparations were made for the journey.

It was a Monday evening when a gentleman in the Chicago Railway station approached the conductor of the Pullman sleeping-car train, and asked him if he would take charge of a small girl who was going alone to New Hampshire to spend Christmas with her grandfather. The kind-hearted conductor looked down at the little girl with astonishment, and at first could not believe that the gentleman really meant what he said. The little girl was so very small that the conductor said he was afraid he should lose her. He looked at her carefully and noticed that she had black hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. She wore a black dress, a dainty traveling hat and a dark sacque trimmed with very rich fur, and she carried a heavy shawl in a strap, and a nice bag on which was inscribed her name and residence. The conductor took her on to the train, assigned her a nice section of a car, where she could sit in the daytime and have a bed made for her to sleep on at night, and at just 9 p. m. there was a rattling and a rumbling, and she had just time to say good-by to her father when the train rolled out of the depot into the darkness, and started on its way to Canada and the States.

We have not the room to give all the particulars of the little adventurer's journey, but would say that on the next morning she woke up to find the train on a huge steamer at Detroit that was carrying it across the river to the other shore, where it would be placed on the rails again. She took breakfast on the steamer, and when the conductor was assisting her back to the car a nice-looking man kindly asked her name, and how far she was going. I will give her exact reply, because the boys and girls who read this letter will become interested in her, and will wish to hear from her again. She answered the gentleman:

"My name is Emma Rand. I live in Cliborne Place, Chicago, and my father's name is Douglas Rand, and he is a manufacturer. I am going to New Hampshire to spend Christmas with my Grandfather Rand. My mother says he lives in a white house near the City Hall. I don't expect to have any trouble finding him when I get there, for my Aunt Nellie has written me that she will be close to the cars when they stop at Concord, and will not miss me when I step out."

Her artlessness and simplicity so pleased the gentleman, who was a Methodist clergyman from Kansas, that he at once told her that he was traveling alone as far as Montreal, and would most gladly do all he could to assist her. Emma, as we now shall call her, was much pleased with her new acquaintance, who did all in his power to make her journey a happy one. Near Kingston an accident occurred to the train, but it was not thrown from the track, and no one was hurt. There was, however, considerable delay, and when at last it reached the Bonaventure Street Station, in Montreal, the Boston train had been gone some two hours.

By thus missing the railway connection the passengers for the South were obliged to wait and take the late afternoon train. This gave them a good half day to spend in that quaint old city. The weather was delightful, and the kind minister took Emma to many places of interest. He pointed out to her the beautiful buildings in Notre Dame and St. James Streets, showed her the city squares, and finally took her up into the great high tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where she had a most lovely view of the city and the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers. At about 4 in the afternoon she went to the Boston train. She shook hands with the clegyman and the conductor, and thanked them for all they had done for her. The latter introduced her to the conductor of the Boston train, a tall man, with sandy side whiskers, who in a most pleasant voice said he would take the best care of her, and would wake her at least half an hour before reaching Concord. On this train good fortune continued to follow her, for a kind lady, who learned Emma's history, told her that she was acquainted with her father, who went to school with her when he was a boy.

At 5 o'clock the next morning Emma Rand stepped from the Pullman-sleeper at Concord, where her Aunt Nellie clasped her in her arms. She had traveled over 1,100 miles, and had shown what a brave little girl could do who wanted to go to her grandfather's to Christmas.

A Balloon Voyage to the North Pole.

An Englishman has lately been illustrating his ideas of a balloon voyage to the North Pole in the London *Graphic*. His plan proposes three balloons substantially connected together, capable of carrying six men, beside three tons' weight of gear, boat-cars, stores, provisions, tents, sledges, dogs, compressed gas and ballast. The triangular framework connecting the balloons would be fitted with ropes, so that the occupants could go from one balloon to another in the same manner as sailors lie out upon the yards of a ship, and the balloons would be equipoised by means of bags of ballast suspended from this framework, and hauled to the required position by ropes. Trail ropes would be attached to the balloons, so as to prevent their ascent above a certain height (about 500 feet), at which elevation they would be balanced in the air, the spare ends of the ropes trailing over the ice. The boat-cars would be housed in for warmth, and telegraphic communication kept up with the ships by means of wire uncoiled from a large wheel as the balloons moved onward. This wire, being marked at every five miles, would also serve to keep a record of the distance traversed. Commander Cheyne proposes that the balloons start about the end of May, on the curve of a wind circle, of known diameter, ascertained approximately by meteorological observations conducted on board the vessel, and at two observatories some 30 miles distant in opposite directions. It is estimated that, with a knowledge of the diameter of the wind circle, and the known distance from the Pole, the balloons would be landed within at least twenty miles of the long wished-for goal. There the balloons could be securely moored; and when the necessary observations at the Pole had been carried out, a return wind could be secured for their return, the requisite full inflation having been made by means of the surplus gas taken out in a compressed condition. The returning voyagers would arrest their course to the southward on the parallel of latitude on which they had left their ship, and the remainder of their journey, east or west, would be performed by means of the dogs and sledges conveyed in the balloons.

The Russian Trophies at Kars.

The Russian trophies in Kars are beyond expectation. Three hundred and twelve cannons, among them 42 field pieces, whole depots of rifles and revolvers, large quantities of ammunition, stores, and provisions, and about 16,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conquerors. The remainder of the garrison must be considered as killed, or as having deserted. The Russians shut their eyes with regard to deserters, as they experience too much trouble and cost by transporting their countless prisoners in this season into the interior of their ice-shackled country. Whosoever manages to procure for himself a suit of plain clothes may run away and make himself comfortable in one of the villages, or in his own homestead. Voluntarily these men will not again join Mukhtar Pasha's hungry and neglected host. The Russian losses do not exceed 2,000 men, and are less than had been originally supposed.—*London News.*

TWO-BUTTON kids—A young goat fight.

SLEDGING IN MANITOBA.

Sport in Which One Should be Able to Speak Three Different Languages.

[Correspondence New York Sun.]

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Dec. 8.—To a dweller in the greatest game preserve in the world, the descriptions of the doings of the Amateur Fox Hunting Club along the flats of Long Island provoke a smile. If the club lived here it is probable that a loftier ambition would possess it; instead of hunting the nimble and elusive fox, his larger and more aggressive cousin, the gray wolf, would furnish the proper excitement. A party is organized here, well mounted, each member armed with a revolver. A few miles out upon the prairie a wolf may be scared up at any time, and then begins a wild scurry and chase of a dozen or more miles, and a discharge of small arms closely resembling the fire of a straggling skirmish line. The chase is glorious, leading over a broad expanse of level plain, covered only with a short herbage of insufficient height to afford the least cover for the quarry. For the cool summer mornings, or the dry, crisp days of autumn, there is no sport like it.

When, however, hunting the fox has succumbed to the icy influences of winter, the club might find excitement in dog-sledging. No other pastime combines more requisites of true sport. It concentrates the poetry of motion with the development of brawn and muscle, oils the wheels of free and uninterrupted imprecation, and tends to elevate the ornamental yellow dog into an animal of utility.

Suppose, for example, that you have a belligerent animal in your train that misses no opportunity of countermarching suddenly in his harness and prostrating the unoffending steer or lead dog next to him; the attack being made with so much vigor and suddenness that the victim instantly capitulates, and "turns a turtle" in his traces. This unlooked-for assault is accompanied by a flank movement on the part of the "foregoer," who, whenever there is any thing in the shape of fighting going on, is sure to have a tooth in on his own account, and never being very particular whether he attacks the head of the rear dog or the tail of his friend in front. All this leads to fearful confusion in the train. The dogs jump on one another; they tangle traces and back bands and collar straps into knots and interlacings that baffle your cold fingers to unravel. Very frequently they roll themselves into one huge ball, rolling over each other in the snow until they look like one hydra-headed dog, with countless legs and unnumbered tails. Under all these provocations, what are you to do? You climb out of your sledge and try the whip, only to find that its rapid application makes them infinitely worse, by suggesting the idea to Brandy or Capitaine that they are being badly bitten by an unknown belligerent. Nevertheless, you whip and whip until, tired out to no purpose, you hire some one else to continue the process, after which you sit down in the snow with a misty impression that no language can do justice to the subject, until, in a moment of frenzy you follow the example of the poet of Perth, who "stoode in ta middle of ta roode and swoore at lairge." As though by magic, the dogs cease fighting at the familiar sound, and tug away at their collars in peaceful tranquillity, and the only true secret of dog-driving is learned.

To become a thorough expert in dog-driving a man should be able to imprecate freely and with considerable variety in at least three different languages. No one tongue affords expletives enough to do the subject justice. The Indian tongues are probably the poorest ones employed in dog-driving, owing to their poverty of expressive adjectives. "Michastrin" is the nearest approach to profanity in the Cree tongue, and means, simply, bad dog. English affords a larger vocabulary, and answers the purpose tolerably well; but whatever number of tongues the driver may speak, one is absolutely essential to success in the art, and that is French. Curses seem useful adjuncts in any language, but curses delivered in French will get a dog through and over any thing.

The sensation produced by the canoe-like motion of the sledge may be likened to that gained by sitting on a thin board dragged quickly over a badly macadamized road. In driving a train, the beating and cursing are incessant, especially in starting. One hears a hoarse voice calling out, "Brandy, marche! Whisky, marche!" immediately followed by deep-toned yells from the cowering dogs. Then comes a fearful thrashing and pounding, and the poor brutes move off howling.

After a train of dogs has become worn out toward the end of a long day's journey, the drivers often accelerate their speed by an operation known as "sem, ling a dog to Rome." This consists of striking him on the head with a large stick until he falls senseless to the ground. After a little he revives, and with the memory of the awful blows that took his consciousness away full upon him, he pulls frantically at his load. Ofttimes a dog is sent to Rome because he will not allow the driver to arrange some hitch in his harness; then, while he is insensible, the necessary alteration is made, and on the animal's recovery he receives a terrible lash of the whip to set him going again. Generally, the wretched Whisky or Brandy, after his voyage to the Eternal City, continues to stagger along the trail, making feeble efforts to keep straight.

For all this, however, there is something particularly exhilarating in a morning run after the dogs, whose jingling bells beat a merry tune to one's rapid foot falls; and there is an intense satisfaction, when one is out of breath and physically done for, in believing that the fault lies at the door of the wheel dog, and relieving one's feelings with imprecations and a whip.

A War Correspondent's Adventure.

I arrived at Kars just when the occupation of all its outworks by the Russians had become an accomplished fact The Turkish dead lay by scores in and behind the trenches wherever I looked, all frozen stiff in the attitude in which they had expired. Hundreds of big wild dogs gnawed the bones of the numerous dead horses, whose skins, however, had been previously flayed by some hardy speculator. One of the horrid brutes snuffed greedily at a dead Turk. A Russian soldier, however, drove the animal away with the butt end of his musket. Suddenly a gendarme rode up in wild haste, shouting and gesticulating, "Take care! Don't you advance. The Turks will attack you!" I did not understand at first what he meant, but felt uneasy on seeing the soldiers slide behind the rocks, preparing and leveling their rifles. This induced me to stand aside. At last the mystery was disclosed. Some fifty well armed horsemen, recognizable as Turks by their pink fezzes, dashed with clanging hoofs over the bridge, fast pursued by a squad of Cossacks. The situation became rather critical for me, as I was crammed in between the barbarous riders and the Russian soldiers. It was evident that the Mussulmans, relying on the excellence of their horses, had the intention of breaking on this side through the stragglers, riding for life and liberty. Luckily for them and me, however, when they had crossed the bridge and found themselves engaged in the ravine, through which the road runs, with some twenty breechloaders pointed at them, they halted and deliberated. Time pressing, they surrendered to the Cossacks. As they had wounded and killed some Russians, shooting behind them after the Parthian fashion, in their precipitous flight, they were not too tenderly handled. The Cossacks pulled them off their horses, and stripped them in a twinkling of all they possessed, including their animals. Had a broker been present he might have concluded excellent bargains. I refused an army revolver which a Cossack tendered to me as a token of his special esteem.—*London News.*

All the Rage.

It was late when Mr. Cheerybles returned home the other night—as late as 12 o'clock. Mrs. C. was abed, but not in the somnolent embrace of Morpheus. She heard her husband stumble into the house, and then all was quiet for 15 minutes. Then she stole quietly down stairs, expecting to find Cherrybles partly under the sitting-room table asleep; but she was disappointed. That individual was sitting in the middle of the floor with a suspicious-looking black bottle in one hand, a mucilage brush in the other, and a lot of fancy pictures strewn over the carpet. "Why, what on earth are you doing here, Cherrybles?" asked his wife, as she entered the room. "I'm—hic—I'm decorashin' this stone zhar for yer, me dear, hic! Zish short o' shing is all 'er rahge now. Don't thish look bully?" holding up the bottle, to which a picture hung here and there in a rather demoralized and inebriated manner. "Come to bed, you old fool!" angily replied Mrs. C., as she swept out of the room, while Cheerybles soliloquized: "Mrs. C.—hic's—mad. Guessh she donno I'm decorashin' this handsome—hic—vaszhe for her!" and five minutes later he was snoring in four languages.—*Norristown (Pa.) Herald.*

EGYPT has 765 non-navigable canals used solely for irrigation, and 62 canals used both for irrigation and traffic. Of these canals over 100 have been opened during the reign of the Khedive.

The Press and the Pulpit.

He was the manager of a church-fair, and one morning he walked into the newspaper office and said:

"Want an item this morning?"

"Of course," replied the editor. Whereupon the visitor laid the following note upon the table:

The ladies of the ——— Street Church will give a festival at their vestry hall next Friday evening. Literary and musical entertainments will be provided and a supper will be served to all who desire. The ladies in charge of the affair have much experience in such matters and are sure to provide a good time. The admission will be only 15 cents, and it is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to go and take your friends.

When the editor had read it, he said:

"Oh, I see, an advertisement."

"No; not an advertisement. We prefer to have it go in the local column," replied the manager.

And seeing that the editor looked skeptical, he continued:

"It will interest a great many of your readers and help a good cause; besides, we have spent so much money in getting up our entertainment that we can't afford to advertise it without increasing the price of the tickets. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

"Well," said the editor, "if it goes into the locals, I suppose you would reciprocate by reading a little notice in your church next Sunday."

The visiting brother asked what notice, and the editor wrote and handed him the following:

The *Weekly Chronicle* for the coming year will be the best and cheapest family paper in Maine. Its proprietor has had much experience and has all the helps which a large outlay of money can procure. His paper has a larger circulation than any other published in the county, and is to be furnished at only $2. It is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to take the *Chronicle* and subscribe for your friends.

The manager hemmed and hesitated, and then said, solemnly, that he doubted whether it would be judicious to read such a notice, but suggested that if it was printed copies of it might be distributed at the door of the vestry on the evening of the entertainment.

"Yes," said the editor, "but it would attract more attention in the middle of a sermon. It will interest a large number of your congregation and help a good cause; and, besides, so much money is spent upon the *Chronicle* that I don't see how the owner can afford to print handbills to advertise it without increasing the subscription price. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

Then the gentleman saw the situation.—*Fairfield (Me.) Chronicle.*

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Capt. Ahrens, a neat, nice little blonde of an ex-Prussian officer, best known to fame as husband to Pappenheim, caused a laughable little error at the Peabody Hotel Christmas Eve night. Going to the steward, the Captain said:

"I want supper for twendy-sefen after de obeera to-nidt."

"Certainly, sir," from the steward.

"Te finest you can get up, mine you."

"Certainly, sir."

The opera was over and the cantatrice was going to her room. The head waiter steps out, shows his ivory, and bows.

"They are ready, Madam."

"What?" questioned the great Eugenie P.

"The twenty-seven suppers you ordered."

"Me?" The eyes of Madam stared.

"Your husband ordered them, Madam."

"No, not twendy-sefen supper, but doo supper for number twendy-sefen I orter," said the little Captain, as he came up with his great spouse's wraps.

An explanation followed. The cantatrice's room was No. 27, but the steward understood the Captain to mean twenty-seven suppers, there being just twenty-seven members of the troupe staying at the hotel.

The bill was settled.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

ANNUALLY, for the last decade, there has been paid to the British Government by the Bank of England a sum slightly in excess of $17,500,000, representing the unclaimed dividends on consols. In other words, $350,000,000 of the English national debt will never have to be redeemed. This will be quite a lift for old England. These hard times a little trifle of five or six hundred millions do not come amiss to any of us. It is a period in the financial history of the world when the smallest favors are thankfully received.

THERE are no bed-bugs in a Chinese house, no matter how bad the beds are. For some unknown reason this insect's path branches off from that of John Chinee.